heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my father, and all the rest are his sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth shee, which of these heires is *Paris* my husband? the forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laught that it past.

Cres. So let it now for it has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Wel cozen I tould you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cres. So I doe.

Pan. Ile be sworne tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his teares an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shall we stand vp here and see them as they passe toward Ilion, good Neece do, sweete Neece *Cressida*.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here wee may see most brauely, ile tell you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the rest. *Enter Æneas.*

Cres. Speake not so lowde.

Pan. Thats *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hees one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troylus*, you shal see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. Thats *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's man good enough, hees one o'th soundest iudgements in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person, when comes *Troylus*, ile shew you *Troylus* anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at mee.

Cres. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do the rich shall haue more. *Enter Hector.*

Pan. Thats *Hector*, that, that, looke you that, there's a fellow: goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*, looke how hee lookes, there's a countenance, ist not a braue man?

Cres. O a braue man,

Pan: Is a not? it doees a man heart good, looke you what hacks are on his helmet, looke you yonder, do you see, look you there, there's no iesting, there's laying on, takt off, who as they say, there be hacks.

Cres. Be those with swords.

Enter Paris.

Pan: Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, its all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, looke yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not, why this is braue now, who said he came hurt home to day. Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now ha? would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall see *Troylus* anon.

Cres. Whose that?

Enter Helenus.

Pan. Thats *Helenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, thats *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day, that's *Helenus*.

Cres: Can *Helenus* fight vncle?

Pan: Helenus no: yes hee le fight indifferent, well, I marke where *Troylus* is; harke doe you not here the people crie *Troylus*? *Helenus* is a priest;

Cres: What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Pand: Where? yonder? thats *Deiphobus*. Tis *Troylus*, there's a man Neece, hem? braue *Troylus* the Prince of chiualrie.

Cres. Peace for shame peace.

Pan. Marke him, note him: O braue *Troylus*, looke vpon him Neece, looke you how his sword is bloudied, his helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how hee lookes, how hee goes? O admirable youth, hee neuer saw three and twenty, go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dust to him, and I warrant *Hellen* to change would giue an eye to boote.

Cres. Here comes more.

Pa. Asses, fooles, dolts, chaff & bran, chaff & bran, porredge after meate, I could liue and die in the eyes of *Troylus*,